*The*
# COMMONWEAL

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*Sibelius Is Forced to Decline . . .*

THE PRECIPITATE attack on Finland by Soviet armed forces, being the latest in a long series of attacks by the big and powerful on the weak, produced a cumulative protest. Among prominent protesters have been Italians, Lord Halifax, President Roosevelt, and, of course, the Holy Father. A very mild word of warning to the Russian bear is reported from Germany. Quite evidently Sweden doesn't like the whole business, it being very close to home. Now Roumania and Turkey are "invited" to make Russian alliances. Evidently the opportunity was seized by England to make quiet pourparlers for a league against the menace of Russia, for the reply of the Holy See to this suggestion, if not the suggestion itself, has been published. It is in the negative, pointing out that the Holy See will not join any alignment for political purposes (thus fostering a "holy war") however strongly it has and will continue to condemn communism as a doctrine. Americans particularly cannot help having deep sympathy for the Finns. We have heard so much that appeals to us about them; their sturdy independence, their development of cooperatives, their steadfast payments to us on their debt. Granting the rightness of the conception of national sovereignty, one cannot see any excuse whatever for the Russian adventure.

Federation or Empire

There is, however, the most serious sort of reason for denying the propriety of that conception. Leaving moral considerations entirely to one side, there are purely practical reasons why, in the words of the same Lord Halifax, "a new order . . . can only come by a surrender in some measure by nations of their sovereign rights." This is not to condone in any way what Russia has done, but to point to the moral of the tale, and it is in that moral that we, as neutrals, should be interested. Today in the international scene victory is to the strong; the weak nation simply cannot expect to survive if it clings to its absolute sovereignty. Collective security has proved an *ignus fatuus;* the old system of the balance of power is meaningless, since even the "democratic" countries observe only such treaties as suit their convenience. How else explain the desertion of Czechoslovakia, the "defense" of Poland? And for this policy of expediency there is considerable excuse in the appalling nature of modern war. The mere saving of a nation's sovereignty is simply not worth the cost of a war between major powers. All this is true whether Hitler wins or falls, whether Stalin remains in power or is replaced by some more desirable Russian government. If the US—and other governments—does not act upon this conviction and act relatively soon, the only international peace the world can expect will be a peace imposed by empire, no matter whose that empire may be.

Conquest of small nations is under no circumstances attractive; when the conqueror is a Nazi or Communist power, the tragedy is frightfully intensified. The Finns are not only fighting off national extinction, but also incorporation into a communist empire. It is a national war, a social war and an ideological war. The problem of how to get along in a world with a communist great power has simplified itself tragically in the eyes of the Finns, but it is a problem that still faces all the rest of the world. Hitler, of course, has settled the problem with characteristic dispatch, but let us hope his way will have slight appeal outside Nazi Germany. Two prerequisites at least have grown clear for the other countries: we must hold firmly to another view of life than the Marxian; we must overcome our sovereign isolation before the enemy strikes. And deeper than that, we must work to regenerate our society and revitalize our spiritual life. The Mannerheim Line, the anti-aircraft guns and automatic rifles seem too late and too near despair, and the men in the ranks—the Finnish people and the terribly misled Russian soldiers—too futilely killed. The problem which has to be settled ranges beyond the territory of one small nation. Its settlement can only be world-wide.



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### *Ohio's Relief Problem*

IT IS HARD to judge from the information available who threw the monkey wrench into Ohio's relief machinery. One thing is certain: the monkey wrench has done a good job of it. Cleveland and Toledo are presently faced with thousands of starving families, and other, smaller communities are in no happier circumstances. The communists feature it—such things make fine front page news for them and the Nazis, too. It probably cheers up many an honest burgher to reflect that while he must put up with *ersatz* butter and little meat, thousands in rich Amerika have at best some dry flour and a few surplus apples. The assorted recriminations now form a neat quadrangle: Ohio municipal authorities to Governor Bricker; the Governor back to them and to WPA's Colonel Harrington; Mayor LaGuardia (heaven knows why) to the Governor; Harrington to the Governor, and the Governor back to both of them. The hottest corner seems to be the Governor's; maybe it's his monkey wrench. But there have been hints that the Ohio farmers object strongly to paying taxes for city relief, even though that relief means increased purchases of their own products; and there have been hints that city "business interests" don't want city relief taxes. The citizenry of Toledo recently put itself on record to the effect that it preferred closed schools to higher taxes. So perhaps the recriminatory quadrangle merely serves as a screen for the real aiders and comforters. Anyway it's fine medicine for the people Dr. Dies is diagnosing, if terribly uncomfortable for the people who aren't eating.

Quadruple Play

### *Anti-Trust and Labor*

A LABOR UNION has to have many characteristics of a monopoly before it is anything. It must control the available supply of labor before it can talk realistically with an employer. Preserving itself and counterbalancing the management, the union must do monopolistic acts. The Clayton Anti-Trust Act of 1914 specifically exempted unions in several different ways. But it would be foolish to maintain that Congress meant, or that the people then or now have meant unions to do *all* sorts of monopolistic things. Thurman Arnold has shown there are activities customary one place or another in the labor union movement which he thinks break the anti-monopoly laws, and that the unions can be prosecuted for carrying on these activities. The practices he dwells upon are very annoying practices indeed: racketeering, jurisdictional quarreling and striking, many kinds of sabotage of efficiency and cheapness.

The American Dream

The energy and increased appropriations of the Anti-Trust Division are gradually bringing results. The Supreme Court decided it was perfectly all right to prosecute the complicated milk producer-distributor set-up in Chicago and thereby reinstituted indictments against fifty-seven key individuals, corporations and associations—including the Teamsters Union local. In Detroit one of the Grand Juries which Mr. Arnold is sicking on the building industry (others are functioning in Washington, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, St. Louis) indicted in a lump three associations of contractors, eight big manufacturers, two AFL locals and 35 individuals for conspiracy to drive out of business 60 independent contractors. It would be better to have clear laws stating which monopolistic union activities are lawful and which are illegal rather than have judges or the Justice Department decide. Many current union activities would obviously be ruled illegal. The protection unions deserve is greater than the protection good for organizations of capital, but it is by no means limitless. Clearly when employer and employee groups combine to violate anti-trust laws, they should both be stopped. But in general, the anti-trust motif in recent American social orchestration is a thin, piping sound. Unhampered competition may have approached reality in America's gayest days, but by the utilization of unrestricted competition our freedom, equality, justice and also economic efficiency were injured. *Laissez-faire* liberalism has proved not a dream but a nightmare.

### *Mrs. Roosevelt Stands by American Youth*

THE RECENT appearance of America's First Lady at the sessions of the Dies Committee should not be viewed out of context. It must always be borne in mind that Mrs. Roosevelt has been consistently and intently concerned with education, girl scouts, equality of opportunity and the problems of youth generally. She has taken a lively interest in the American Youth Congress since its very inception. What more natural then that she should rally to their defense when they were summoned to a congressional committee carpet? And how typical the gestures of accompanying her young friends to Washington from New York, sitting in their midst at the hearings and having them to lunch at the White House. There is no mistaking such motherly encouragement, and few men of good will would question Mrs. Roosevelt's sincerity in her efforts to secure for American young people the handsomest kind of a "break." She claims to have read all Youth Congress financial statements and pamphlet literature; she has watched their proceedings at first hand. But who else would be as unsuspicious of an organization which starts out with all five officers of Marxian sympathies—three from socialist-

Engaging Sentiment

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dominated and two from communist-dominated groups—and two-thirds of the national committeemen similarly divided. In his recent *Herald-Tribune* series Benjamin Stolberg made a remark worth repeating, even if it is a little rough. He said of Mrs. Roosevelt, "She is the only completely innocent front the Communist Party ever had."

### *Next Year on the Farm*

INCOME PROSPECTS for 1940 are one of the principal topics of various rural hot-stove leagues. This makes it all the more obliging of the Department of Agriculture to issue a "Special Outlook Issue" of the *Agricultural Situation* just now. In the main this Bureau of Agricultural Economics forecast is optimistic. The experts believe that increased American industrial activity will be reflected in a bigger demand for farm products at better prices. The increase in gross farm income will more than take care of the rise in wages and heavier production costs. Government payments are expected to remain the same. Increased economic activity at home is the chief effect of the war, although the curtailment of foreign tobacco and apple purchases and the increase of hog and hog products exports are also among the direct effects. Also wool prices will rise more than those of any other farm product. The terrific carryovers of wheat and cotton are expected to continue. And 1940 meat production will approach an all-time record. Since fruit exports are dropping, that industry is counting more than anything else on a continued domestic business boom, while the dairy interests look to the same thing reflected in quarts of ice cream consumed to compensate for a growing milk supply. The food stamp plan has not been tried in large enough proportions to bring farm surpluses and needy families together, but at least this angle is being explored. There remain two other elements able to throw even such very general predictions awry: the war and the weather. And who can do anything about the weather?

Effects of the War

### *Another Domestic Boom in the Offing*

THE WEATHER too will play an important part in another major industry in the next few months. The oysters in Great South Bay have not yet been heard from, but the superabundance of the acorns from which spring the stately oak is taken as a sign of a real old-fashioned winter just ahead. Ports south, which are less reticent than ever in advertising dreamy charms, are looking for an early snowfall and hard freeze-up so that marginal people with time and wherewithal won't put off taking that train or boat till spring seems just around the corner anyway. Vacation purveyists up north wish just as hard for snow, for last winter a lot of the most fetching feminine winter sports outfits never once got out of mothballs. Our neighbors Mexico and Canada are vitally concerned in all this too, the latter banking heavily on its low rate of exchange. Boomiest of all is Miami, Fla., which has many ways of telling that last year's million visitors will be doubled this winter; they can't build houses, apartments and hotels fast enough. Vacations with pay are gradually coming to be recognized as a minimum right of every American worker. Can we all look forward to the day that everyone has two extended holidays a year?

Vacations in Winter

### *Pan Americanism Should Be Tougher*

THE CIVILIZATIONS of the different Latin American countries and the United States are very different. In the current drive for Pan-Americanism, more sentimentalism seems to be operating than useful, hard-headed charity. Some brisk condemnations of the evils in the other American states and boasts about the good things in one's own would be a good idea. There is a crude type of racketeering in Latin American government which the United States would never permit here, but which our government and citizens constantly gloss over cynically or sentimentally when they occur in Cuba, say, or Mexico or most anywhere south. United States methods of economic exploitation belong to a more highly developed, more efficient, more impersonal and more legalistic level than our Latin neighbors'. We have every right to complain, campaign and grow righteous against the Southern types, and the Latins are bound to try to protect themselves against ours. But we are all obligated to agree on the legitimacy of certain business enterprises and methods—and to pay for them—if Pan Americanism is to have any economic content whatsoever. Right now, Colombia and the United States must agree on all that debt they theoretically owe us, and Mexico and the United States must conclude the oil fight and really get started on the agrarian claims adjudication.

Spades Are Really Spades

The uncertainty about rights and duties in these two fields doubtless goes back to the religious and philosophic differences between the Americas and to the spiritual uncertainty within the nations throughout the hemisphere. The differing traditions here ought to be stated much more firmly. This by no means calls for a fight between the "Catholic Latins" and the Protestant or agnostic "Gringos." Naturally we would hope for a tolerant understanding and charitable — irenic—approach to one another, but no less clear and confident for being that. And the Catholic traditions of the Republics are not identical, and they could supplement and correct one another within the framework of the Church's and America's unity.

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# *Father Divine*

An economic and social analysis of a movement often in the headlines.

*By* George Streator

A RECENT issue of the *Satevepost* carried a typical piece on Father Divine. It was done in the approved, Amos-and-Andy style. An effort was made to incorporate a thrill in every line; for the *Satevepost,* like many other papers, seeks humorous bits about Negroes. Among other revelations, not all of them bad, it is told—again—that Father Divine stages big banquets where "200 different kinds of food" are served. Nothing is supposed to strike the funny bone better than a story about a lot of Negroes eating 200 different kinds of food. But the type of banquet that Father Divine seems to favor is not only American; it is commonplace.

Community dinners are common to America, if not to the world. In the South, where so many of Divine's followers first saw life, Sunday is the great feast day. In rural communities neighbors who are too scattered to see each other otherwise, mingle together on Sunday. Everybody brings part of his contribution to the church in the form of food. The pastor is "stormed" with food. There is enough for everybody. White and black alike adhere to this custom. The depression might have altered it, but it has not destroyed it.

If Divine had 5,000 people at his banquets he might easily have had brought in 200 different kinds of foodstuffs. His West Indian followers could have shopped along Lenox avenue, finding fifty different foodstuffs not commonly known in America. His Italian members—there are some Italians who follow Divine—might have thrown together a few dishes. The American contingent could have drawn on New York markets in general. Together all of them could have helped Father Divine outdo King Solomon with his feasts. The most unremarkable part of it is that Father Divine could easily stage such a banquet, if he called on each member of his cult to contribute less than fifty cents.

There is one problem that Divine has tackled with great vision, and that is the business of sex relations of white and black, man and woman. Divine simply proclaimed a sexless cult, and presto, the Ku Klux Klan was stopped at the door! In this respect he was more fortunate than Aimee McPherson, and many another cult leader.

Much fun is made of the language employed by Father Divine and his followers. Whatever religious and philosophic content there may be in his movement I leave to other critics to analyze. It must be remembered that Divine is not a college graduate. Even so, there is nothing about some of his language, most of it even, to create as much noise as the word "normalcy" created a decade ago. Now, Divine has defined a few "fundamentals." He has wisely selected real estate and foodstuffs as two of them. He has struck bed rock in scouting about for real estate to free his folk from the grips of Harlem landlords. There is nothing wrong in seeking to house people in clean, hospitable areas.

There, however, is much about Divine that might seem mysterious. Many cannot see how this ignorant little man could develop such large ideas. The "Peace" movement carried Father Divine into the realm of "isms." There were many who suspected that Father Divine was not interested in or informed about the intricacies of European peace. The trouble in Ethiopia intrigued him, no doubt. But Divine knew or cared little for Collective Security. It is doubtful that he had studied the layout of the League of Nations. But he liked "peace." And he spelled it with a capital "P." It was truly wonderful!

What political force controls him? There has not been any single force working with Divine. If anything, Divine is an utter opportunist. Democrats, Laborites, Republicans, Communists, all have worked for him, while trying to get him to work for them. Everybody has wanted a hand in "advising" Divine's organization.

### *Moving to the country*

It is still a little early to grow exuberant about Father Divine and proclaim another millenium; for the unusually short, black man has disappointed us before. When we were certain that he was breaking up furniture to build barricades in the streets about Union Square, it turned out that Divine was taking advantage of a curious press, while he marched his followers through downtown streets and set them in ecstasies right under the noses of grumpy Marxists.

Reporters tell us, however, that there is something new under the sun. Just before dawn, they say, trucks and wagons that are commonplace except for labels of "Peace" roll into Harlem and



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unload their vegetables and fruits. Father Divine has double-crossed the Communists—if that is possible—and is leading his people to agriculture and trade. If this is "Peace," give us more of it. Father Divine, whether he knows it or not, is taking upon himself the problem of re-settlement.

It is true that he has created a desire for historical places: Krum Elbow, Sutton Manor, Park Avenue, Greenwich Village and many more. But that is what democracy means. It is true—and this brings worry—that Father Divine sends out his agents to buy property alongside our First Families. This is bad manners, and Divine should be warned against that! Yet an important New York official hid away some gangsters in a highly respectable house, and he is still explaining why.

Negroes have lived in good neighborhoods before, however. A hundred years ago, nobody paid attention—not very much attention, anyway—to a Free Negro who bought a bit of land and moved in next to some famous white folk. It was true, even in Washington, right under the dome of the Capitol. But that was before America had so many "exclusive" real estate divisions and subdivisions. Those were the days when the country had workers and statesmen, slaves and Freedmen. If a Freedman wanted to get ahead, there was always a Christian to help him.

There is not much glamor about Divine, if we take him for what he is. But he had good press agents. He was, if anything, well on his way off the front pages when his legal advisers led him to buy land instead of paying Harlem rents, and somebody suggested a bit of land across the Hudson River from the Roosevelts. Contrary to notions held by many, Father Divine did not seriously upset President Roosevelt by driving his stakes at Krum Elbow. It is the managers of Harlem real estate who are likely to go into jitters if Negroes start moving out in great numbers. If Divine's trek to Krum Elbow means anything, it is the passing of Harlem as the place where the black goose gets the worst picking. Now Father Divine's land at Krum Elbow is at least three miles from Hyde Park, with the river in between. The Roosevelts could hardly hear him if he shouted all night. But Harlem real estate brokers are likely to hear the rumble of moving vans for years to come.

### *Where does the money come from?*

But where does Father Divine get his money? This question can be answered by asking one. Just how much money does a man have to have to get started on the purchase of property? In the case of Father Divine, with his ability—it is said—to get old debts paid, there must be banks willing to back him in his financial ventures. Father Divine has brought new interest to little black boxes, and the money hidden in them!

Divine might get his money by the same method that all other movements get money. It is said that his followers include many widows who have turned over their insurance to his movement. Is this impossible? Is it a mystery? The story of a rich widow (her name is legion) who drew all her money out of the College Street (Harlem) Post Office has been told to every reporter of New York daily papers. The widow grows in wealth; and her holdings are sufficient to house the Divine movement and the Panama Canal, with space left for the Yankee Stadium. There might be widows who hand him their insurance. It is possible. But it is doubtful that many of these widows have had more than a few hard-earned dollars. Divine is not robbing the orphans so much as he is cutting in on legitimate bond salesmen.

There is some surprise, too, that Negro widows might have carried life insurance on their husbands. It is not only usual, it is commonplace for Negroes to carry insurance. The pennies of Negroes have built many great insurance companies of the South. Some of our leading companies got their start in the South writing industrial insurance for the Negro servant class.

Of late, Negro insurance companies have entered this field, although many of them failed in the depression. But newspaper writers ought to take a trip to Durham, N. C., or to Chicago or to Nashville for glimpses of Negro financial organizations that have been built up on pennies from folk who earn no more than Divine's followers, although they have paid far less money for house rent. In Durham a Negro company is housed in a good building in the center of the town. In Nashville first one, now three Protestant religious groups have ventured into book publishing and the manufacture of church furniture, "Negro" dolls, and finally, church building.

But with the steady drop of cotton from its position as the king of Southern crops, Negro progress never got under way sufficiently to offset the backwardness of Southern plantations. Furthermore, the poor quality of Southern education and the especially impractical character of Southern "industrial education" did little to stimulate new ideas in the development of agriculture. When cotton dropped in market quotations, the boll weevil did the rest. While the West forged ahead in some aspects of its land problems, the South went back steadily. And with this wasting of the land, came the Ku Klux Klan to save the unemployed white people of the South by driving the Negro workers out of city employment.

Father Divine was George Baker in Georgia, they say. He had visions of leading the masses, but the established churches made life uncertain for him. He drifted to Baltimore and then to New York and opened an employment agency. Here the mystery begins. Either he is airing his

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muddled views by exploiting the hopes and ambitions of a hopelessly backward following, or he alone saw a place in life for them.

It is among the Southern-born Negroes, with a sizable group of West Indians, that Divine seems to flourish. His popularity among the servant class is worth noting. It is they who are being displaced in Southern work by white people. It is they who are now being fired. Many people give Divine credit for awakening Negro laundry workers to their value in the industry. Staid trade-unionists followed Divine in this field, by no means preceded him. Today they see him as a menace, although there is less friction than before.

The reorganization of Southern agriculture is certainly beyond the ken of Father Divine. Nor can any single force correct these gigantic evils that beset the South. A small part of it can be tackled, however, and there are many who are leaning to the belief that recolonization, not brutal deportation, but resettlement of parts of our city slums, is in order. Certainly housing developments attack only one side of the problem. If all of Father Divine's people were put in good houses, there would still remain the problem of unemployment for them. Father Divine is able to see this clearly, and is setting out to acquaint his followers with the possibilities of agriculture

Critics would do well to bring to the attention of those pushing the new turn in Divine's affairs that a mere return to the farm is no solution. If Divine leads his people into competition with New York farmers and milk producers, their future is dark; even as the future of all farmers is dark, unless our government subsidies are continued, and these at the expense of city people. We can not call upon Father Divine to change his settlement at Krum Elbow for this reason. Nor would we discourage him because the place has a history and ought to be enshrined. But we should urge the possibilities of a cooperative venture, with the colony working to feed itself, and to house itself in modern structures.

Since all towns are little more than groups of people who are friendly to each other, willing to work for common objects, there is no reason why Divine should not be able to build a healthy community, centering about some skill, or set of skills, with agriculture and dairy farming as a part of it.

There is one advantage that Divine has that the Rust Brothers might be willing to take over into their social-minded experiments with cotton picking machinery, seeking to build a new community life for the South. And that is the fact that Divine has an emotional appeal to hold his folk together. Perhaps it is possible for other forces to weld a functioning force out of these two elements: the Rust Brothers machinery, and Divine's "fundamentals." There would still be room for social planning, here. Certainly, there are practical idealists to undertake this part of it.

In spite of those aspects of Divine's movement which shock some or raise the unsympathetic mirth of others—particularly the assumptions of divinity—he has, perhaps unconsciously, contributed to the economic betterment of his people.

# *A Protestant Looks at Lourdes*

An interpretation by a non-Catholic of a shrine which holds perennial interest.

*By* **Margaret Gray Blanton**

WHO GOES to the South of France for the first time on a pilgrimage to Lourdes is fortunate, for the South of France is so overflowing with beauty and history that it were a pity to find at the end of the journey only an ordinary city. It would be bound to be a disappointment. But Lourdes, to a person with even half a heart, is the very essence of drama.

If I were a Catholic I should be very proud of Lourdes, but then one does not really need to be a Catholic to be proud of it. One needs only be a member of the human race which practices so many cruelties on its fellows to feel proud of a place where friendliness and courage are commonplace, valor is the accepted form of behavior.

It is surprising how little people know about Lourdes. Even churchmen are often almost totally ignorant of it. Mr. Fred Snite's trip there recently has brought it into the conversation of many people, but even so they are too poorly informed to know where and what Lourdes is further than that it is a shrine in France. That nearly a million people go to Lourdes through the mild months of a single year strikes people with astonishment. And well it may, for that is probably more than the number that went on all of the Crusades of the Middle Ages.

Few people place Lourdes correctly in time either. They think of it as an ancient shrine and often ask if Bernadette was contemporaneous with

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Jeanne d'Arc. It is hard to convince people that we were led to where Bernadette lies in her crystal reliquary at Nevers by an ancient sister who had been a contemporary of hers at the convent.

It is interesting to speculate about the people of Lourdes that cold misty February morning in 1858. Had some one pointed out to them the half-starved, consumptive little fourteen-year-old girl crossing the old bridge to the communal woods to gather wood for fire and said, "Before this day is over that child will be the instrument of changing your insignificant little mountain town into a world shrine," they would most certainly have answered with some of the salty sallies of Béarnais for which they were famous. Her father had just been tried for theft. Her mother was known to drink too much. They lived in an old discarded jail cell, so terrible and unsanitary that no one would rent it.

Across the bridge in the meadow was a water mill and, beyond, some wild woods partly covering over a hill of ancient rock and a cave which had none too good a reputation.

Eighty-one years have elapsed. Where the mill stood in the meadow now is the Square of the Rosary, a great outdoor church protected by two enormous ramps like sheltering wings that lead up to the churches which crown the rock. The Grotto is around at the side facing the river. It now is a shrine that houses an altar and the head of the spring wherein Bernadette's Apparition had told her to bathe her face.

Bernadette, that first cold morning, had seen standing in a niche above the grotto a tiny figure no larger than herself, clothed in luminous white. A blue sash, simply folded, fell to the hem of the dress. There was a golden rose on each foot where the hem of the dress touched. Together they said the rosary and then with a tender smile, the Apparition was gone.

To the town, when the news spread, it was just the vaporings of an adolescent girl! Only two others had been near her that day, but by the time the Apparition had appeared to Bernadette eighteen times, the number of onlookers had swelled to many thousands.

Afterward the Bishop of Tarbes appointed a commission to investigate the occurrences. The sworn evidence before this commission constitutes an enormous mass of material which was later abstracted by Father Cros, a Jesuit priest, and published in about 1,500 finely printed pages. For a student of human behavior these pages are a delight. They give in great wealth of detail the human story of Bernadette and of the people surrounding her.

After the apparitions there was no possibility of a private life for Bernadette. She was almost taken to pieces by the devout and curious whenever she appeared. The Sisters of Charity of Nevers, who had a school and a hospice in Lourdes, took her to educate and in a few years she became a sister of that order. Under the name of Sister Marie-Bernard she lived the rest of her life at Nevers in the Convent of Saint-Gildard. She died at the age of 36.

Lourdes had become a shrine even before she left it, and the water from the spring which the Apparition had pointed out to Bernadette had been piped to a basin. Even then many cures were claimed for it.

So many claims of cures were made that later, in the light of modern scientific knowledge, it was thought best to establish a board of physicians before whom anyone who believed that he has been cured must go and present certificates proving that he has been ill of an organic disorder and that he has been cured.

Lourdes is so well organized today that it is hard to picture it in the old days. There is now an organization of Catholic laymen, which takes over the sick pilgrim on his arrival and sees to his needs until he is again put onto the train to leave.

This great lay organization known as the Hospitalité is perhaps one of the most interesting to outsiders who visit there. The morale of it is very high. The members may be princes or they may be paupers, but inside the organization rank does not count; the private may rank the prince.

Great open ambulances full of men, *brancardiers,* meet each train. They swarm onto it and over it with their shoulder straps, the great badge of honor, swinging as they go. Presently the ambulances will return from the stations with their loads of people on stretchers, and the hospitals built for their care and housing will receive them. There young women of the organization, "hand-maidens" of the sick, will take them over, and they will be cared for as tenderly as if they were members of the same family.

All day long the sick are carried or pushed on rolling stretchers, while the *brancardiers* say with them the *credo* or the rosary. Early to Mass in front of the Grotto they are taken, or late to the great flambeau parade, with perfect care and tenderness, and an utter lack of ostentation.

About nine in the morning the baths begin. "Bath," as a matter of fact, does not seem a good word for this ceremony; "immersion" were perhaps better. A long row of shelters with pools in them stands under the shadow of the cliff. Quickly the sick people are undressed and then men or women lift them gently into the separate pools filled with the bitter cold water from the spring, saying with them the *credo*. They are removed then from the water and are dressed again and laid outside in the enclosure.

In the enclosure also some priest is perhaps saying the rosary, or other prayers. Outside stand, or kneel, the people. They are the families of

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those fortunate ones who have gone into the pools, or perhaps just pilgrims who have come hoping for a recrudescence of faith or for a healing of the spirit rather than of the body.

They are a very strange crowd! Their souls may be torn with compassion and love but their outward manner is restrained and reserved. *This is a testimony that anyone who has been there should always take the trouble to make.* It is so often said, "Oh, I shouldn't like that. I hate hysterics!" or, "I just loathe religious display." No one needs stay away from Lourdes on that account. They may be jostled and pushed about in those crowds of many, many thousands; they may even be half pushed over in the great moments when the crowds kneel; but their sensibilities will not be shocked except by the tragedy of such human suffering patiently borne. They may be wrung with pity but they will not be tried by over-emotionalism.

Another criticism is leveled against Lourdes, often by Catholics; that it is inartistic. There is objection to the way in which it is lighted with electric bulbs at night, and above all to the streets of tawdry wares outside the "Domain." Perhaps it is true that modern taste does not easily bear contrast to such ancient places as Chartres and Vézelay—and perhaps the lighting might gain by being less spectacular. But Americans think of bright electric lights in terms of Broadway. Not so the humble of the world who make up the great mass of the crowd at Lourdes. The shops, housed in municipally owned buildings, are overflowing with cheap souvenirs and with bottles for carrying water, and with camp stools which are universally carried and needed. It is true that the souvenirs are mostly tawdry. The wares are bright and gay and picturesque and please the eye of the average pilgrim. It is difficult to understand why someone does not devote a bit of energy to bettering the general designs. But there are charming little bits sold inside the Domain for those who can pay a little more. And certain pieces that are sold outside—for instance, the crowned Virgin cast in milky glass, or the little silver roses—are not without artistic value.

Possibly my interest in the life of Bernadette Soubirous has tended to make me more sympathetic and less critical than is warranted. I am often told so. But there is a profound and touching truth to be found in Lourdes that goes deeper than the glitter of a few glass beads. These are the superficial, the lighter side of the more moving picture.

The supreme moment of the day is the afternoon Procession of the Blessed Sacrament. The great Square of the Rosary can hold around its outer borders even thirty or forty thousand people. Along the inner border lie the stretcher cases, many with mirrors arranged to reflect the procession. Then the rolling chairs, then the ordinary chairs and benches for those unable to stand, then the enormous crowd of standing pilgrims. Sometimes the sick will be five to ten rows deep. If one is capable of pity, he will shed no tears, for he will be beyond that!

At the French National Pilgrimage in 1937 there were probably three thousand sick, in all forty thousand people. And what a forty thousand! For these people were no longer forty thousand individuals; they were one great composite. Forty thousand cells of the same body, feeling one common feeling, dominated by one single idea; wishing desperately one great single wish that somehow for someone in this great crowd of sick people the prayers of the Blessed Virgin would be a successful intervention!

Sometimes one is tempted to say, "Why do they bring them here! Why do they not keep them decently hidden and more nearly comfortable at home? Why this long desperate journey when out of all of these only ten or fifteen will be certified, in a year, as cured?" And yet to answer these questions one must remember what it must mean to those sick people. Aside from the hope of cure, here at last, after months or maybe years of isolation in a sick room, they come again to share an experience with the healthy. They go to church again, which many of them have not been able to do for so long. They lie in the sun and air and feast their eyes on the tender green and on the mountains and hear the rush of the River Gave. But most of all, they see the grotto where Bernadette's Apparition stood, and they see the sacred objects which they adore.

Some, a blessed few, are healed. Some die and lie in the little yard over against the mountain, with others of their countrymen. But I think that if I were in their place I would make the choice that they make. When the great procession sweeps around from the road by the river and the voices lift in unison with the most joyful solemnity,

Lauda Sion Salvatorem
Lauda ducem et pastorem
In hymnis et canticis

and the light of the low sun shines past the red and the purple of the clergy and the canopy and seeks out the golden monstrance as it is lifted, it is easy to comprehend why they come.

Sometimes at that exact moment of blessing someone dies and sometimes someone feels a sudden resurging of health, a recharging of the all but exhausted energy, and a cure has occurred!

Yet these cures make of Lourdes such a storm center of argument! It is unfortunate that they take so much attention from something just as valuable: a recrudescence of faith and valor, a relighting of the flame of courage which, sick or well, is needed by us all.

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# *The Industrial Counter-Revolution*

A primer of distributism — its philosophy and reading of history.

*By* Graham Carey

TWO PROBLEMS. There is a recognized art problem, and there is a recognized industrial problem. Those who have been trying to solve the one have not been notably more successful than those who have been trying to solve the other. Both problems are concerned with the making of things by human beings. They cannot be solved in isolation from each other. They are loosely related aspects of the same affair —the business of making things.

2. PRODUCER AND CONSUMER. Things are made by men in order that they may be used by men. Nothing has ever been made except for *some* use. Few things are used without some previous manipulation of their materials. The art-doctors call man the maker the *artist,* and man the user the *patron.* The industrial-doctors call these same functionaries *producer* and *consumer.*

3. INSTRUMENTS. Whether we call him producer or artist, man cannot make much without tools of some sort. He needs instruments if he is to make what his patron or consumer has use for. These instruments may be simple, and relatively controllable by the maker, or they may be complex and less controllable by him.

4. VICES. Man is a sadly imperfect creature. When he has power to do so he will often be found endeavoring to dodge discomfort for himself, and forcing his brother man to bear it for him. Men are but too willing to shift the burdens of life to other shoulders. There is both pain and pleasure in making things—punishments as well as rewards —and many men will always try to get the lion's share of the joys for themselves and those they care for, and leave the lion's share of the sorrows to others whose sufferings they can forget.

5. SIMPLE AND COMPLEX. Some instruments, more than others, lend themselves to the exploitation of man by man. Certain simple instruments, like a knout, are particularly suited to oppression. Certain complex ones, like an astronomical observatory, are unlikely to be used for oppressive purposes. These cases are, however, exceptions to a general rule. In general, reason assures us, and historic experience proves, that the more large, complicated, unwieldy and powerful an instrument is, the more men are liable to use it for the exploitation of their fellows. Even with such a beneficent institution as a large hospital, it is in some cases a puzzle to know whether the organization is run for the benefit of the doctors and nurses or for that of the sick people.

6. ARTISTIC EXAMPLE. The use of the pointing-machine in the making of stone statues is a good example in "art." This mechanism is in itself entirely innocent—neither good nor bad. If properly used it is a thoroughly useful tool. But it is not used properly in one case out of a hundred. It lends itself to abuse as mere chisels and mallets do not. It lends itself to abuse because it makes so easy the division of the makers of a statue into two classes, an upper and a lower, a privileged and an unprivileged, an intellectual and a mechanical class. It makes it easy for a trained modeler to work out shapes easily and rapidly in clay, and then have these shapes transferred to stone by the hands of "ignorant" men. It makes it easy for him to grasp at the rewards of making —thrill, reputation, money—and leave the punishing labor of cutting hard stones to someone else.

7. RESULTS. But what is expected to happen does not happen. The more intelligent art-doctors are not well satisfied with the results of this system so convenient for the "artist." In the first place, the "artist," whether he realizes it or not, misses his full thrill, and often he misses also both money and reputation. He does not get the basic satisfaction of doing the whole job, or of getting it done exactly as he wants it. And, secondly, the mechanic misses the enjoyment of the creative faculty that is part of his human inheritance and must get along with a lower wage than he would earn were he allowed to believe he could design, and allowed to do it. He works at too dull a job for too little pay. And, thirdly, the statue produced by this method is very little good. Because it came from a mind that only knows clay, and because its shape was worked out *in* clay, that shape is a clay shape, though its body is stone, a substance calling for a stone shape. The statue is anasomatic—at war with its own body—and its internal disorder makes it a painful rather than a pleasurable object of contemplation. The two kinds of producer lose, and the consumer loses, and all because the instrument of production is so complicated that by its means man exploits man.

8. INDUSTRIAL EXAMPLE. "Seventh Avenue" is the name in New York for the indus-



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trialized clothing business. A most complicated system is in operation, the purpose of which should be the clothing of human bodies, but actually is the making of money. The sewing-machines, the little pushcarts in the street, and stores and the basements and the lofts in which people work, are all of them innocent things, good if well used, bad if ill. But how difficult to use such a system well!

9. RESULTS. The complicated means necessitate the division of the producers into two classes —the employers and the employed. Neither group, to judge by Elizabeth Hawe's account of the affairs at the end of her "Fashion Is Spinach," seems to have much fun. Neither makes much money. Neither the superior nor inferior makers get what they want and have a right to. And, as in the case of the statue, the end product is not much good. The clothes don't wear. They don't fit. The seams are so narrow that you cannot alter them so that they will fit. The two kinds of producer lose, and the consumer loses. Because the instrument of production is too complicated.

10. INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION. Few indeed foresaw that all this would happen when men began to devise more complicated ways of making things than had been used heretofore. The inventors of the Industrial Revolution of the nineteenth century were probably no more vicious than other ingenious people. Many doubtless hoped that their inventions would bring back mankind to Eden, to the Lost Paradise. But the men that actually built up industrialism did so because it enabled them to make money. They did it not for their health nor for the health of their employees. This money was made, and the workers were exploited. They still are. Whether it is capitalist industrialism, as in England and this country, or socialist industrialism, as in Germany, or Marxist industrialism, as in Russia, it is all industrialism. There are classes—those that control, and those that do as they are told. And this is not because men are devils, but because they are trying to achieve happiness with an instrument which encourages the exploitation of man by man.

11. INDUSTRIAL COUNTER-REVOLUTION. If the industrial revolution was the devising of complicated ways of making things, so that the controllers of the means could get rich at the expense of their fellows, the industrial counter-revolution is the devising (or rediscovery) of simpler ways of making things, so that men may free themselves from this exploitation. The world does not pay much attention to the counter-revolution, but it has been in progress for many years. It now progresses faster and faster as more and more people see the point, and realize that, while human beings are what they are, bigness and complication in production are so many gold bricks. And as it progresses, more and more desperate people begin to take heart, and feel hope.

# France and England's Real Danger

By ROBERT SENCOURT

PEOPLE are beginning to admit it now. At every turn the war has taken those preparing for it by surprise. The new turn of things has made former preparations a waste and left us without defence against new perils.

The Allies never expected Smigly-Rydz to ignore all their arrangements; they never expected Poland to collapse before the winter; they never expected the Polish air force to be so ineffective; they never expected Russia to stab her in the back; they never expected to be asked to make their guarantee of Poland effective against Russia; they never expected Russia to close the northern frontier of Rumania against Germany, or counter Germany's eastward drive down the Danube; they never expected Russia to take over the Baltic States nor menace Finland; they never expected that Germany would allow her to do so. In every direction in Eastern Europe the able moves of Russia have taken them by surprise.

Least of all have they been prepared for the part Russia has played in Prague in working in with the Germans to subdue it. Their strategy was in no way mobilized against Russia, whom France obstinately persisted in regarding as a friend, in spite of very frank warnings that Moscow intended to destroy them. On the other hand, they had been making preparations against developments in the Mediterranean. In spite of the fact that Great Britain controls the exports and the petrol supplies of Spain, a certain school of Frenchmen persisted in thinking that Franco would provide bases for aeroplanes or submarines, though such provision is an act of war. And still more did they insist that Italy was under the military control of Germany, and that both Northern Italy and the Mediterranean would be a center of operations. Hundreds of thousands of French troops were hurried to the Italian frontier; the Mediterranean was closed to British shipping. And yet before long Italy had disclosed herself to be not an enemy but a friend. The diplomatic and strategic arrangements of Britain had all been made askew. Italy came forward as their support in the balance against the Moscow-Berlin axis.

But even this was not the most serious miscalculation. The Allies never expected to be left undisturbed to mobilize: they expected immediate military attack; and they believed that this would spread to attack on their capitals and their industrial centers. Nothing of the sort has happened. The black-out, with all its losses to industry and trade, has so far been superfluous. So, obviously, have the evacuation schemes with their expense and their loss; while the Allies have been left

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every opportunity to increase their military resources without such disturbances.

Now a crucial question arises: it is the question whether the opportunity to use them will ever arise. The Allies do not want to attack—it is too costly. They made their plans to expect attack. But the attack has never come. In fact in the technical sense, but for some spectacular adventures on the sea (and in the air), this has not been a *war* at all. A war seeks to annihilate the enemy. The Germans have attempted nothing of the kind. Nor have the Allies.

Everything points to the fact that the German attack is far more insidious, far more subtle. It is the method of attack which the Russians were employing in Finland, which is to wear them out by the expenses of continued mobilization. In plain words, Germany is playing the Bolshevik game. Her aim is to undermine Western Europe economically and socially. Whether she declared war or left them waiting, it was the same. It was to concentrate all their effort on armaments, even to the rate of a thousand millions, or two thousand millions a year, until the whole capitalist system was exhausted.

It is to this system that the Allies have so far been lending themselves. They have not themselves attacked Germany and they have combined in complex arrangements with neutrals to cut off supplies to Germany. They have, in fact, applied to the best of their ability the old Eden system of sanctions, to which has been given the new name of economic warfare.

Since this must at the best be a very slow game, in which Germany and Russia can play elaborately into one another's hands; since Hitler determined never to listen to any proposal of peace: it now seems plain that he is waiting to try on the Allies what Russia tried on Finland, and they try to apply in turn: economic attrition.

If this is the case, the whole theory of war must be altered. It is a competition of sanctions against expense. It affects the belligerents hardly less than the neutrals. It is aimed at all alike, and Hitler, willingly or unwillingly, is simply the agent of Stalin. But in the new plan of campaign three things stand foremost: to cut down military expense, to push on with normal trade in every direction, and to take every precaution for the well-being of neutrals so as to combine all against the common danger of a plot of general ruin.

## *Allergic to Whimsy*

Some have the notion the world's worst crime
Is selfishness.
But the sin that's tops on my list all the time
Is elfishness.
My patience always gets pretty flimsy
When I am exposed to a lot of whimsy!

W. E. FARBSTEIN.

## *Views & Reviews*

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

I MUST apologize for my neglect to name the publisher of the book by Hieronymus Jaegen, "The Mystic Life of Graces," of which I wrote in this column two weeks ago, especially to those correspondents who have been so much interested in the few and inadequate remarks I offered as to write to me wanting to know where the book might be found. My copy of the book bears the imprint of Burns, Oates & Washburn, of London. So far as I know, there is no American edition of the book, although another work by the same author, his first book, and, I believe, the only other one ever written by him, entitled "Catholic Life and Action," was published in English by the Bruce Publishing Company of Milwaukee in 1936. No doubt those who wish to own their own copies of a valuable guide to the mystical life could obtain "The Mystic Life of Graces" through any reliable book shop. No doubt the Book Service department of this paper could assist such readers.

The interest aroused by what was said about Hieronymus Jaegen confirms me in a belief I have long held: namely, that in the matter of organizing the activities of those Catholics who have a desire to know more about, and, if possible (or rather if practicable), themselves to follow the mystical life within the general life of the Church, we are rather backward in this country. Or perhaps my belief is ill-founded and due to my own ignorance of the existence of such organizations. At any rate such is my impression, mistaken or not.

I am not referring to our many admirable sodalities and Third Orders and other societies which bring together and direct the devotional zeal of so large a part of our Catholic population throughout the nation. No doubt there are in these groups a large proportion of men and women who follow the road of the spiritual life on a very high plane indeed, and I should not wonder but that some among them might even be compared to such a man as Jaegen. But such individuals are always exceptional. For average people, like the rest of us, there is a real need for the support and encouragement that comes through association and cooperation with others who possess a similar interest. And not only is association helpful, but in the difficult region of the mystical life there is a particular need for safe and sound direction by legitimate spiritual authority. One of those who wrote to me about Jaegen's book says: "In traveling over the country I am impressed that one of the greatest stumbling blocks in the way of Catholic progress is the lack of Catholic living on the part of Catholics. What a wonderful thing it would be if a group of Catholic men who have to live in the world could get together and in a small and humble manner seek to attain Christian perfection for themselves and others by living the ideal Catholic life and putting it into practice in their daily lives." Such an ideal has stirred the Catholic world many times in history, and where it found trust-

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worthy guidance and leadership wonderful good was accomplished; but where zeal outran discretion such movements often led to eccentricities that more than once resulted in heresy and rebellion.

Such movements are certainly very active today in the midst of the world's confusion and dismay, both within and outside the Church. For example the Buchman movement is again attracting much attention, and gaining large, if not permanent, power. Americans are particularly partial to all manner of mystical, or at least pseudo-mystical, movements, and perhaps one reason for the multiplicity of erroneous and dangerous occultism and dubious mysticism is the lack of knowledge of the fact that true mysticism belongs indivisibly to the higher life of the Catholic Church. Perhaps we Catholics are chiefly to blame for the fact that this knowledge is not general.

The letters from my correspondents on this matter obliged me to hunt up the book by Hieronymus Jaegen once more, to obtain the publisher's name, and then I turned to a passage which had struck me when first I wrote about the book, but which limitations of space prevented me from mentioning on that occasion. As I said in my first article, Jaegen as a young man was called out by his country to serve in the army, and went through the campaign against Austria in 1866. He was at the Battle of Koeniggratz and for several hours was in great danger. "When I was under heavy fire of grape-shot," he writes, "a fine idea came to me. Very earnestly I besought Our Heavenly Father to be pleased to grant me the grace never more to offend Him by mortal sin or else allow one of the bullets which were continually whistling round my head to kill me outright. I began to count the bullets. But none hit me." Jaegens's "fine idea" is one that we could wish had appealed to some of the German Catholics who have led that nation into the dangers and horrors of the Nazi régime and the present war, at a time when they professed their religion. Both Hitler and Goebbels, and other Nazi leaders, were born and bred in the Church. But with them, apparently, their idea of their nation's glory, or the glory of the race of which they are members, seemed to appeal more than the God who is the Father of all nations and all races. If they had remained in the same state of mind that Jaegen as a soldier on the field of Koeniggratz knew, the history of Germany and the world would have been changed, and greatly to the advantage of both.

# Communications

## BOLSHEVIST PERSECUTION MARCHES WEST

TO the Editors: In his article "Bolshevist Persecution Marches West" in the November 17 issue of THE COMMONWEAL Mr. Donald Attwater, among other things, says "that in pre-revolutionary Russia there were (excluding Russian Poland) only about three million Catholics, practically all of whom were of Latin rite and besides the three million Catholics of foreign blood throughout Russia of those pre-war times, there were about just as many native white-Russian Catholics of the Western Rite of foreign blood." This statement is incorrect. For besides the three million Catholics of foreign blood throughout Russia of those pre-war times, there were just about as many native White-Russian Catholics of the Western Rite (descendants of those White-Russians who in very large numbers embraced the Roman Rite at the time when the Catholic Church of Eastern Rite was persecuted by the Russian government, or who became Roman Catholics at various epochs of the history of their country through the influence of the German and Polish missionaries or by reason of different political events) living exclusively in White Russia.

Again, while speaking of the number of the Catholics in White Russia which was part of Poland in recent years and has of late been incorporated into USSR, the distinguished author states that "in 'White Russia' there seem to be about a million Polish Latin Catholics. . . ." But this statement too is entirely incorrect* The truth is that there are actually about two million Catholics of the Latin Rite living in this territory, and that, too, not Polish but White-Russian Catholics. The only Polish Catholics living here were the big land owners, the clergy, the teaching personnel, countless officials, the Polish legionaries and soldiers endowed with White-Russian lands by Pilsudzki's government in reward for their services *pro patria,* the heavy police forces, the unmerciful tax-collectors, especially of the arrears of taxes. . . .

True, the White-Russians called themselves, as often as not, Poles, not because of their nationality (they knew full well their language, their customs, their manner of living, their psychology were not those of the real Poles in any way) but because of the religion they professed and which was always given them in Polish (however little they understood this language) and according to the nationalistic Polish ideals to such a degree that in their own eyes as well as in those of their Orthodox brethren to be a Roman Catholic meant the same as to be a "Pole"; and the Catholic religion was invariably styled by them all a "Polish religion" (*polskaya viera*). This was one of the big reasons why Catholic faith, whether of Latin or Uniat Rite, became for the Orthodox an object of relentless opposition and fervent detestation.

In consideration of such unfortunate historical facts in White Russia one is inclined to believe, even despite himself, that the Catholic Church in that unhappy country will probably fare much better under the Soviet régime than it did under the Polish régime; in other words, that in the sea of sufferings and persecutions it will be purified and regenerated, and will cease to be in the hands of the unscrupulous a political football for the good and advantage of the aliens and the detriment and exploitation of the natives. Then only will the White-Russian Catholics be able to extend a friendly hand to their Orthodox brethren and lead them to the unity of Christ's Church.

A WHITE-RUSSIAN CATHOLIC PRIEST.

* Mr. Attwater sent a correction for his article. The passage referred to in the letter above: "In White Russia there seem to be about one million Polish Latin Catholics" should have read: "two and a half million." The discrepancy remains a half million, but in the other direction.—The Editors.

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## NEUTRALITY AND PEACE

*The problem of conscientious objectors*

Emmitsburg, Md.

TO the Editors: Despite Mr. Dickinson's clear letter setting forth the principles upon which conscientious objectors take their stand, it is quite apparent from the Reverend H. D. Buchanan's letter in the November 17 issue of THE COMMONWEAL that the position of the conscientious-objector is still misunderstood.

The conscientious-objector does not, as Father Buchanan asserted, think "that he understands a highly complex situation which the State Department does not." The objector is perfectly aware that government officials are highly skilled in economics, politics, state-craft and the sciences. He is also certain that the government of Genghis Khan was very versatile and efficient when its hordes swept over the steppes of Asia leaving pyramids of bleached skulls in their wake. Likewise there is little doubt that Napoleon I was a military genius, an efficient organizer, and had a remarkable capacity for leadership; but we know too that he led over 400,000 men to their death in an inglorious campaign in Russia. Neither do conscientious objectors deny that Richelieu was one of France's greatest statesmen. Under him France was raised to a mighty power. History also has it that this man thrust Catholic against Catholic in unholy war. The Kaiser of Germany and his aides had at their command scientists, technicians, economists, engineers and diplomats in 1914 when the German Army marched through bloody Belgium almost to Paris. Our own President McKinley and his administration were probably versed in the affairs of state when they engaged in the imperialistic war against Spain which ended with American soldiers suppressing Filipinos who were fighting for independence.

No, we do not question the intelligence of governments—we question the principles of ethics and morality that activate governments.

Cordell Hull is no doubt an authority on international law. For an authority on labor in the United States one consults Mrs. Perkins. Mr. Roosevelt can doubtless explain the economics of the New Deal. *But*, when a Catholic wants authority on morals (and surely killing is a moral act) he goes to the theologians: Saint Thomas Aquinas, to Vittoria, Augustine and the Popes.

The conscientious objector merely asks to be allowed to use his conscience for the purpose that God made it. He only asks that his right to act on conscience be respected. If a man in good faith believes a war to be just he should participate. On the other hand, how may a man, certain of a war's injustness, takes up arms? In both cases the individual must decide for himself the justness of war. Nowhere in our experience or teaching have we come upon a great collective conscience vested in a government which has the power to declare for each citizen what is morally right or wrong.

We agree with Father Buchanan "that we have a duty towards a beneficent government." Governments, however, are not always beneficent. Sometimes duty to government conflicts with duty to God; in that case we observe the latter duty which, incidentally, always coincides with duty to country, true patriotism. This is not a disregard for the authority of the state; it is the realization that war must be sanctioned by a higher authority than representatives of this or that government. It is limiting duty to the government in order that it will not transgress upon the more sublime patriotism to principles and to God.

Conscientious objectors would like to think as Father Buchanan does that they will be "far removed from . . . dangers." Unfortunately they cannot be so optimistic. If one examines the case histories of conscientious objectors in the last war and reads those articles lately published in the October issue of *Harpers* and the *Atlantic* of November, the future lot of these objectors would appear to be of a dismal and sordid character, certainly not to be envied.

LOUIS PRAHL,
*A member of the League of Conscientious Non-Combatants.*

## SOS FROM THE DROUGHT AREA

*Citizens and aliens and relief*

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editors: I read with much interest Catherine Bradshaw's "SOS From the Drought Area" in the November 17 issue of THE COMMONWEAL. As a native of one of the prairie states I know only too well the situation which she describes. However I was disappointed to find in her article expression of an antipathy toward the alien which seems characteristic of many Americans today.

Miss Bradshaw writes: "It is, of course, quite common to find men and women who are not American citizens (although they have lived in this country for thirty or thirty-five years) receiving federal and state aid." The implication here would seem to be (since the sentence quoted is the concluding one in a paragraph dealing with abuses in the relief system) that people who are not citizens should not receive state and federal aid. Actually, however, limiting relief to citizens is not part of our traditional American system. The Poor Laws of the various states have not usually included restrictions against the giving of help to the alien. Even the Federal Social Security Act does not bar the non-citizen from the various grants included in the public assistance titles, although several of the states have included a citizenship requirement in their own social security laws. It is only quite recently that the WPA has barred aliens from jobs on its projects. What many people fail to realize is that an immediate effect of this latter ruling was to throw back on private relief organizations (including Catholic charities) tremendous pressure to assume the burden of caring for the families thus deprived of their means of support. Realizing the suffering that would result for family groups, the Department of Labor, Bureau of Immigration, has withheld action in the deportation of aliens who technically had become "public charges."

Discrimination against the individual alien seldom ends there. It may result in denying aid to American-born wives or children, or to members of the household who are not responsible for their lack of citizenship. Aliens should be

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encouraged to become citizens but in the meantime it is unfair to deprive them of their claim to help when in need, a claim which rests not on citizenship but on the fact that they are fellow human beings and children of God.

DOROTHY M. ABTS.

## THE CHANGE BEYOND

*Intelligence on the assembly line*

Lundys Lane, Penna.

TO the Editors: In an article in your November 3 issue by Ralph Adams Cram there is a statement that brings before us very forcefully one of the chief reasons for present unrest in industrial relations. To brief his statement, he says that the machine age has turned back normal progress and tends to reduce the workers to the intellectual level of morons. "The assembly line has become the sufficient symbol of mechanical labors, and under its operation mind decays."

It is this complete misunderstanding of modern industrial life by our social and religious leaders that makes their efforts to aid in adjusting industrial relations so ineffective—often very harmful.

James Nasmyth more than a century ago discovered that the "expert" craftsman could not develop the mental power essential to operating a machine and quit trying to employ them, taking instead young men from the neighboring farms. I have myself, as I have been employed in various plants, noted the inability of the old journeymen tradesmen to handle successfully modern mechanized tasks. I have studied this question by actual passing from one type of work to the other as circumstances have compelled the change. I am positive that the more nearly automatic the machine, the higher the type of intelligence required to operate it.

That the assembly line requires a high degree of mental activity no one will deny who has worked in such a line and given this question consideration. I observe hundreds of workers in assembly lines every work-day. I am positive that their natural intellectual endowments would exceed those of a large teacher-gathering which I recently attended and their work tends to develop rather than lessen their intellectual capacity and strength. These facts hardly fit with much of the argument about the intellectually deadening effects of work in modern factories.

Having this entirely erroneous estimate of the intellectual requirements of this scientific machine age, our social and religious leaders tend to do exactly the wrong things when they try to aid those employed in our highly mechanized industries. So certain are they that they are doing what they ought to do that there seems to be no way to change their point of view and policies for bringing about better industrial conditions.

It is a menacing situation indeed when a great body of citizens has advanced to a high standard of intellectual power and is wearing itself away to ineffectiveness by internal frictions because those who should lead in organizing controls for this great advance do not even realize that this intelligence exists. The mental ability of industrial workers must be taken into account in plans for social betterment, and it is a happy aspect of our many problems.

FRANK HENRY SELDEN.

# *The Stage & Screen*

### *Morning's at Seven*

IT MAY BE that the Freudians will claim Paul Osborn's new play as their own, and when they do I have no doubt that Mr. Osborn will chuckle. He has the sense of humor to know that the oddness of small town character was recognized as the stuff for comedy long before Freud's disciples turned it into tragedy. And "Morning's at Seven" is a comedy, and a delightful one. It deals with four sisters, the spouses of three of them, a nephew and a niece to be. The relationships and interrelationships of these nine people are too complicated to set forth here; in fact they are as complicated as the relationships of apparently uncomplicated people often are. In setting them forth Mr. Osborn employs what might be called the manner of Chekov, or perhaps it would be juster to say that he tells history impressionistically. Mr. Osborn has written a really subtle play, a play of which his "The Vinegar Tree" gave no promise, though there were suggestions of it in the writing of his adaptation, "On Borrowed Time." Played as Mr. Wiman's company plays it in the one delightful set by Jo Mielziner it becomes one of the half dozen plays of real merit now to be seen in New York. The acting is perfect. Dorothy Gish has charm and pathos as the spinster sister, while Jean Adair, Effie Shannon and Kate McComb are in their ways equally good. Enid Markey will soon make Zasu Pitts look to her laurels. Miss Markey's Myrtle Brown is one of the most humorous characterizations of a true hearted female moron I have seen in years. She is ably abetted by the almost equally moronic Homer of John Alexander. Thomas Chalmers is perfect as the dull witted husband, as is Russell Collins as the husband who wants to know what it's all about and Herbert Yost as the one who tries to show him. A shrewdly chosen cast in a delightful play. *(At the Longacre Theatre.)*

### *Other Plays of the Week*

MISS ETHEL BARRYMORE takes five years off her age as she appeared in "Whiteoaks" to play a ninety-seven year old Boer woman in Noel Langley's "Farm of Three Echoes." It is a rather old fashioned type of thriller, but Miss Barrymore's admirers throng the Cort Theatre to applaud her unique personality. At the Guild Theatre Sidney Kingsley in "The World We Make" gives his adaptation of Millen Brand's novel, "The Outward Room." The play is principally interesting because of the realistic scenery and the admirable acting of Margo and Herbert Rudley in the chief parts. At the Center there is a "musical" version of Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in which the fairies and the rustics are Negroes. It is after the first ten minutes a good deal of a bore, despite the scenery designed by Herbert Andrews and Walter Jageman and the costumes by Mr. Andrews. At the Labor Stage the new version of "Pins and Needles" is on view, and proves that the ILGW Play-

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ers have gained dexterity and professional assurance without losing any of their original spontaneity.

GRENVILLE VERNON.

### *"Ah! Sweet Myster-ry of Life"*

"THE GREAT VICTOR HERBERT" is a sentimental feast for those who want to revel in Herbert melodies. They'll get their money's worth in nostalgic memories, tears and gaiety from the tunes. They'll get more than music, for Russell Crouse and Robert Lively have written a glossy screenplay that is well above the average for musicals. (You must see it from the beginning to enjoy its lump-in-the-throat climax.) Winsome Mary Martin, fresh from the stage, a happy combination in her first film of Claudette Colbert and Jean Arthur, is the leading lady whose heart belongs not to daddy this time, but to a handsome actor married to his career. Allan Jones plays and sings with a healthy gusto this rôle of a tenor with an eye on his public. In spite of Walter Connolly's guidance, as benevolent Victor Herbert, Mary must learn for herself that the theatre is not always glamorous, that matinee idols make poor husbands. Andrew Stone directed this film in which singing, acting and lavish costumes and sets are in keeping with the lush Herbert songs.

If Marlene Dietrich had shown in her last few pictures half the vigor that she exhibits in "Destry Rides Again," perhaps she would have been working during the past two years. Anyway, she's back and most welcome. In Joe Pasternack's high-toned cowboy production, beautiful, spirited Marlene is in top form—singing in her deep-throated voice such suitable ballads as "See What the Boys in the Back Room Will Have," fiery as the female menace in the disreputable Last Chance Saloon in the old frontier town of Bottleneck. Into this town come quiet, calm, boyish Destry (James Stewart in another good performance as the deputy who doesn't believe in shooting it out) to help Sheriff Charles Winninger restore law and order. Director George Marshall gets full entertainment values out of his good cast, which includes Brian Donlevy, Mischa Auer and Una Merkel, to make a glorified horse opera out of Max Brand's rather ordinary wild-west novel. High spots causing great glee in the audience are: the unladylike fight between Dietrich and Merkel which leaves glamorous Marlene looking like a washed-out dishrag, the exciting moment when Destry stops telling dry stories and grabs his trusty gun to "get" Donlevy, and when Bottleneck's women march in a body on the Last Chance.

It is interesting to note that mental cases are coming into prominence in film plots. In the latest of the Kildare series, young Doctor Lew Ayres treats his patient (Helen Gilbert), who thinks she is blind, by pretending to operate on her eyes. "The Secret of Dr. Kildare," directed by Harold S. Bouquet from another story by the versatile and prolific Max Brand, almost gets bogged down by the number of problems it introduces; but like the other pictures in the series, it mixes medicine, psychology and common sense with interesting results. Medical men may find flaws in Dr. Lionel Barrymore's practices, but will have to admit that he knows how to play a scene to get the most out of it.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.


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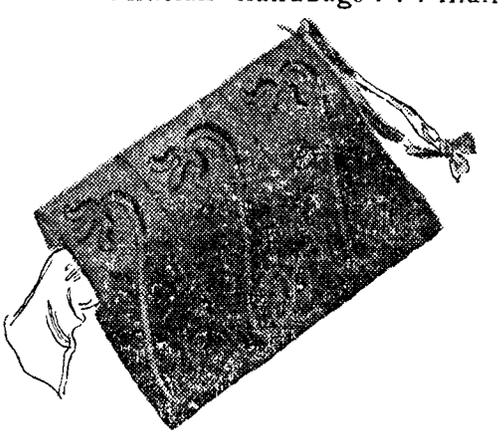

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# *In the Groove*

AT THE START of this column of phonograph record reviews there should be, I suppose, some sort of convincing apologia for launching it. I should much prefer to hurry along to the notes on a stack of discs and albums of discs which I have before me, and which clamor to fill a column and more. It can be noted briefly, however, that the phonograph industry, which during the rise of the radio "noodled" (as musicians speak of playing fill-in music) unconsidered by the general public, is now tootling exuberantly. More about the reasons later, perhaps. There are trade statistics to prove the fact.

First, the recent symphonic recordings, which convention might suggest as Christmas gifts. (On the expensive side, of course, and it is not a bad idea to know the recipient's taste, or fish for some hints about it.) The familiar Brahms *First Symphony* has been issued in a performance by Felix Weingartner and the London Symphony (Columbia album M383, $7.50) which can be recommended, in comparison with older recordings, for interpretation, mechanical excellence and price. Bruno Walter leads the same orchestra in the Schubert *Ninth Symphony* (Victor album M602, $9.00). I always thought this was Schubert's *Seventh;* I believe the New York Philharmonic Symphony thinks so; and Victor did when it released successive pedestrian recordings of it by Leo Blech and Sir Adrian Boult. However, on the basis of recent evidence, Victor's scholars have changed their minds—but lest anyone be confused, they have incorporated in the label on the album a non-controversial phrase: "The Great C Major." It is great, and Bruno Walter has successfully needled its divine energy into the grooves. Finally there is the *Rustic Wedding Symphony* of Karl Goldmark, which is not a symphony at all—the first movement, for instance, is a "Wedding March" with variations—but charming music of a good Central European savor, nicely dished out by Howard Barlow and the Columbia Broadcasting Symphony (Columbia album M385, $7.50).

More briefly, the following are good: For fans of Lily Pons (there seemed to be more than half a million of them on her last tour): an album of mostly trivial songs, some with orchestra accompaniment led by her husband André Kostelanetz (Victor album M599, $6.50). Americana: Southern mountain songs by John Jacob Niles, a cultivated Southerner who sings in a strange falsetto which he avers is the authentic Appalachian style (Victor album M604, $6.50). Pianistics: brilliant Columbia recording of the Debussy *Preludes, Book II,* by Walter Gieseking (album M382, $6.00), and the Chopin *Sonata No. 2* ("with the funeral march") by a spectacular young American, Edward Kilenyi (album M378, $5.00). Violinistics: Ernest Bloch's *Concerto,* haunting Wailing Wall stuff, beautifully played by Joseph Szigeti (Columbia album M380, $6.00). Toscaniniana: a solid performance, with the NBC Symphony, of the *William Tell Overture* (Victor album M605, $3.50), and an album oddly labeled "Encores," containing a blowing-up for string orchestra (NBC) of the wonderful slow movement and "scherzo" of the Beethoven *Quartet, Opus 135,* plus a sleazy but technically brilliant *Moto Perpetuo* of Paganini.

Popular music, swing and sweet, will have to wait until next time. Tune of the month seems to be *All the Things You Are,* from Jerome Kern's *Very Warm for May;* my choice among recordings is Tommy Dorsey's on Victor. Note also that Alec Templeton, the blind, brilliant pianist and satirist who now has his own radio spot, has done three discs for Victor, of which the latest is a mordant caricature of Dr. Walter Damrosch analyzing, for his children's hour, the preposterous *Three Little Fishes* (Victor).

CARL J. BALLIETT, JR.

# Books of the Week

## A Big Book

*The Bible of the World, Edited by Robert O. Ballou. New York: The Viking Press.* $5.00.

THE TITLE of this large volume was arrived at by a free use of analogy. As the Bible is the basic religious text of Judaism and Christianity, so the writings honored in Hinduism, Buddhim, Confucianism, Taoism, Zoroastrianism and Mohammedanism are given the name of scriptures. Further, as these eight religions cover the world, their collected scriptures gives us "The Bible of the World."

In attempting to gather into one book the "concepts which are essential" to these writings, the editor has undertaken a laborious task. Although he had the aid of some scholars in his work, the remaining details must have been tremendous and he has attended to them with admirable accuracy. The Bible, which appears in the King James version, is cut to about one third its dimensions. A similar selection and abbreviation is applied to the scriptures of the other ancient religions. At least this material phase of the enterprise merits applause.

The value of the book lies in this synopsis, especially of the writings basic to the oriental cults. These writings, it is true, may be had in fuller form in English translation. But whatever value they may have will be found here. They have some literary merit. They might be read as great historical monuments, the molds in which were partially fashioned civilizations which go back far beyond our own. A Christian who remembers Saint Paul's description of man "groping after God" may find in this compilation evidences of that groping through the ages before the "Light shone in the world."

By its formal object, however, "The Bible of the World" belongs in the field of Comparative Religions in such a way as seriously to qualify its worth. It is not a scholarly undertaking, as we usually understand that term, and yet it could be of service only to the educated. The more exacting reader will not be content to rely upon the editor, whose judgment is reflected in the selection and the cutting of the documents; nor will he be satisfied with the uncritical text that is used. The more casual reader, of course, will hardly get far into literature of this character. The doubt rises whether the book will be much quoted, or whether it will win much confidence from the general reader.

The absence of a scholarly approach is particularly evident in the editor's treatment of what he conveniently calls the "Judeo-Christian Scriptures." More critical notes are added to the Bible than to any other scripture

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in the collection, and it is this criticism which exposes the work to the charge of superficiality. Take these examples.

Nothing is said of the Bible's unique claim to inspiration, a claim which places it at once in a category above the other writings.

The main source upon which the editor draws for information concerning the Bible is R. E. Hume, "The World's Living Religions." This is a poor authority, even among biblical critics.

In handling the Apocrypha the editor is somewhat confused. He presents as apocryphal the deuterocanonical books of the Old Testament (which certainly at times were held sacred by the Jews), and he gives the apocrypha of the New Testament under the same title (which were never held sacred by anyone). The New Testament apocrypha were excluded from the canon of the Scriptures not because they were heretical, as the editor thinks, but because they were not recognized as inspired. Further it is definitely wrong to assert that the apocryphal story of the Blessed Virgin's mother is "so important to Catholic theology." There is no good reason why the New Testament apocrypha should have been added to the work.

The books of the Old Testament have been rearranged to fit the theory of the "neo-critic school" of biblical interpretation. This theory tells us that Monotheism in the Old Testament developed from the "vengeful and somewhat tribal Jehovah" of the earlier prophets to the Father-God whom we find in the New Testament. This opinion is advocated by only one party among the extreme critics of the Bible, and it has suffered greatly as the result of the discoveries at *Rash-shamra*. In doing this, the editor went far beyond abbreviation; he gave us his views and not the Old Testament.

This same style of editorial intervention is found in the claim that Zoroastrianism exercised influence on Judaism and thus also on Christianity. The instances cited are very weak, and they are offered without mention of the late date of these Persian documents. This is not good editing.

In the same spirit we are told that the Synoptic Gospels are inconsistent in their narrative, and that Saint John's Gospel is of weak historical authority. No support is given for either remark. No such criticism is made of the other oriental scriptures. This is careless editing.

Finally, the life of our Lord is separated from His teachings. This method was adopted probably under the influence of another popular theory of extreme criticism. Again, what is given is not the Gospel but the editor's view of it.

The Bible, which makes up approximately one half the book, is the Bible as a rationalist might appreciate and read it. In view of the editor's purpose, this policy merits something more than criticism.

The motive behind the compilation, or what the editor calls his "stimulants," deserves careful attention. It renders the book entirely useless for anyone who still enjoys a degree of religious conviction. The editor wishes:

To beget faith in an "intangible universal divine realm," a faith which will be free from the "bigoted quality of narrow sectarianism."

To assist the reader (supposing him to be dissastified with what he has) in forming an eclectic religious philosophy from these scriptures (themselves so often confused and confusing) on the principle of private taste (which supposes, if of any value, an existing norm).


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To engender in the reader that "constructive attitude" which will allow him to overlook the divergencies in religious tenets (which means disregard of truth).

Finally, to aid the reader in what is presented as an essential condition for being at home with Christ (or with Buddha for that matter), the pushing through the "limitations of organized dogma" (or, more plainly the rejection of much that Christ taught).

The inconsistencies of these "stimulants" are the flowering of the first preface to the book. There we read, side by side, the statement of Sri Ramakrishna that "different creeds are different paths to reach the Almighty," and the uncompromising words of Saint Paul, "One Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all. . . ." When we place the motive of the book against the background of Christian civilization into which it is issued, we wonder if it is not something more than inconsistent. It would appear likely that the vast majority of those who read the introduction to the book will at once put the book itself aside as of little service to them. In fact, if anyone does read the book through (which we may doubt) and adopts the view of the editor, he must come away with a mind badly confused and a faith deeply shocked.

WILLIAM L. NEWTON.

FICTION

*The Bride, by Margaret Irwin. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.* $2.50.

WE HAVE had a great deal of dreary fiction in our day, and no want of equally dreary fact to give it an ascetic if not esthetic justification. But there is another way of looking at the same data in art and life alike that does not necessarily dodge the pain and defeat, because it finds something more than dullness in the one, and in the other something beyond shame. It is this sense of values that transmutes the richly-threaded stuff of Miss Irwin's story into something more than romance.

Not that romance in itself, especially of such a finely-informed and abundantly-realized type as this, is not enough. Here the Holland of the mid-seventeenth century comes to life in all its tulip-bright colors, with the gusto and the many stringed sensuousness and the placid beauty which the great painters of the time have made a part of the mental treasure of us all. Then also there is the Scotland of the time, from the rain-drenched heather on its desolate hills to the swarming wynds of Edinburgh, with the terror of Scotch idealism and the fragrance of Scotch folk song on teeming page after page.

And through these scenes of palace and inn and harbor and jail and moor throng a host of figures who hold the reader absorbed not only with the fullness of their individuality but with the added magic of the long-known but hitherto dimly seen actors of the past, suddenly brought to the forefront of the imagination with an intensity of possession seldom vouchsafed the present. Here is the Queen of Bohemia whom the poets loved and sang, and whose beauty and high spirits outwore all the time's mischances. Ever behind her is the tragic splendor of her grandmother, Mary, Queen of Scots, and before her the wild, fresh loveliness of her daughter, Louey. The latter is quite able to hold her own beside even such a mother and grandmother, this unconventional princess-painter who loved and was loved by the most gallant soldier of

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his day, and who when he was dead, went on so gayly as a Benedictine abbess, never forgetting the man she had loved, never withholding the abundance of her gifts. And there is Prince Rupert, too, quelling a mutiny single-handed, and the great Hyde in cold and penury and pain, gathering the materials of his book, and gross and learned Lauderdale, and shrieking Warriston, and the young Charles, charming and uncertain, and Argyll hiding behind the shutter, and the memories of the first Charles, and the rumors of Cromwell, and the dreary prospect of the first George.

But there is more than that. Through all the meanness and the agony and the wistful delight and the fierce pride of this life, there is the growing sense of another life. Montrose knows almost from the first that Charles really won his battle on the scaffold, and as the reader watches that great leader of men take his way from the miracle of the love of Louey to the agony and the shame that his fanatical enemies have planned for him at Edinburgh, he knows, too, that in that final savage scene James Graham will win a triumph that no victory in the hopeless battle could ever have yielded. Here at the end one could perhaps wish that Miss Irwin had let the naked fact rest alone in its complete expressiveness. But to abandon so the conventions of romance and of contemporary novel-writing would be possible only in a world that would give itself to the compulsion of the heroic in art as unashamedly as it sometimes now does in life.

HELEN C. WHITE.

*The Confidential Agent, by Graham Greene. New York: The Viking Press.* $2.00.

THE AUTHOR of "Brighton Rock" adds a new melodrama, cerebral far beyond the range of ordinary "mystery stories," to the increasing contemporary library of violence. The "agent" tries to represent in England an anonymous beseiged government which closely resembles that of the Spanish Loyalists during the civil war. His principal known opponent is a rich and well-born agent of the other side, but drawing lines of cross and double cross, treachery and infidelity which might place everyone in his proper camp would be hard work. The immorality and deadly lack of morality which the agent finds at work are exposed without niceness or qualms, but the impression that the author would know health and morality if he saw them survives. P. B.

WAR

*Democracy Today and Tomorrow, by Eduard Beneš. New York: The Macmillan Company.* $3.00.

WHEN Dr. Benes writes about democracy in his book he evidently means the bourgeois democracy of the nineteenth century liberal whose political system rested on the twin pillars of French revolutionary rationalism and economic laissez-faire. He hopes for the return of this order. Many people, many friends of democracy do not hope for its return. Insofar, however, as Dr. Beneš looks confidently for the restoration of an order wherein are recognized the dignity and rationality of man, the ultimate consent and control of the people in their government and the natural rights of members of the state, then all true Christians can sympathize with his aims.

The book is interesting and pleasing reading, coming as it does from a man who has suffered because of the fortunes of war and politics and who still writes without recrimination, without undue bias, and without loss of faith in the sanity of mankind. JEROME G. KERWIN.

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# *The Inner Forum*

THE INSTITUTE OF MEDIAEVAL STUDIES at St. Michael's College, the University of Toronto, was recently granted by Pope Pius XII a charter empowering it to confer the Pontifical degrees of licentiate and doctorate of medieval studies. The curriculum at the institute covers the civilization and culture of the Middle Ages—theology, philosophy, canon law, liturgy, history, Latin and vernacular literatures. It is now celebrating its tenth anniversary.

Only honor students with A.B. degrees are eligible for admittance to the Mediaeval Institute. Three years of graduate study are necessary for the licentiate, five years for the doctorate. The faculty has included a number of leading American and European scholars and lecturers; the best known faculty members at present are Étienne Gilson and Jacques Maritain. The opening of the institute was announced in THE COMMONWEAL of May 1, 1929, in an article by M. Gilson himself. The Reverend Gerald B. Phelan is now president of the institute.

The importance of the granting of this charter may be gathered from the fact that St. Michael's is the only Institute of Medieval Studies in the world empowered to confer these pontifical degrees. It is also interesting to note that it is the only Pontifical Institute (as contrasted to university) on the North American continent.

Most of the other Pontifical Institutes are at Rome. One of the principal ones is the Jesuit Gregorian University, with which are associated a Pontifical Biblical Institute and a Pontifical Institute for Oriental Studies. Other institutes of higher studies there include those devoted to Sacred Music and Christian Archeology. The Benedictines, Carmelites, Dominicans and Franciscans also have Pontifical Institutes at Rome. At the University of Louvain, in Belgium, there is a Pontifical Institute of Philosophy.

The Institute has published such treatises as: "Saint Augustine's Philosophy of Beauty," by Emmanuel Chapman; "A Study of Meister Eckhart," by B. J. Muller-Thym; "Saint Thomas Aquinas's Doctrine of the Soul," by A. C. Pegis; several translations from various portions of Saint Thomas, and the scholarly magazine, *Mediaeval Studies*.

## *CONTRIBUTORS*

*George STREATOR* lives in New York and was at one time general organizer of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America.

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